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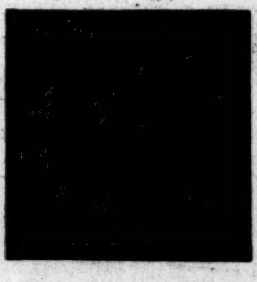

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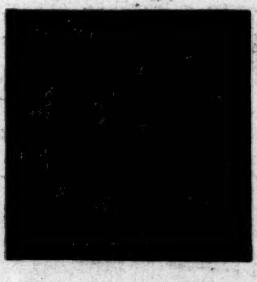

1156 c.14

THE FAIR METHODIST;

OR,

SUCH THINGS ARE.

THE

FAIR METHODIST;

OR,

SUCH THINGS ARE:

In the course of

A TOUR

FROM

London to Canterbury, and Dover; Bath and Bristol Hot-Wells.

A SERIOUS NOVEL.

Founded in Truth.

------Be this detested place my bed,
Where I will ruminate on woman's ills,
Laugh at myself, and curse th' inconstant sex.

LONDON:
PRINTED for J. BELL,
BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND.

1794.

DEDICATION.

TO

SIR ROWLAND HILL.

To what blest genius of our isle,
Shall gratitude her tribute pay;
Decree the festive day,
Erect the statue and devote the pile?

Garrick.

AND we may ask to what fell demon of this isle are we indebted for all the cant and hypocrisy, ignorance and deceit, that prevail among a deluded people, called Methodists?

As you, sir, are a distinguished preacher among them, we cannot do better than dedicate to your exalted self, a precious morsel, which we have

found under a rich man's table, called The Fair Methodist; in whose character, together with her friends, you will find every thing necessary to welcome them within the pale of a Tabernacle.

In the 2 *Cor.* 4. ii. it is said, " Not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully "; and in defence of this passage there is no difficulty in proving, that the word *Gospel* in divinity, like *Liberty* in politics, is intoxicating in its sound to those who know little of its genuine signification.

That ignorance is the mother of devotion, is manifested in the very temper of methodistical enthusiasm, which decry human learning as useless, and gives preference to the spirit

as alone sufficient. Bigotted devotees thus vainly apply a text of Scripture, evidently peculiar to the Apostles, to the encouragement of every illiterate carman or porter for preaching the Gospel, under the ridiculous pretence of inspiration.

In the infancy of the Church it is admitted, there was an apparent necessity for *extraordinary* gifts, in order to the firm establishment of Christianity; but afterwards these were withdrawn, and men were left to the ordinary means of study and discipline, to qualify themselves for the sacred function. Were it not for these, ignorance and barbarism would stalk abroad, and Popery again prevail.

Election! Reprobation! Grace! are favorite words with you; but the

use you make of them are contrary to the Scriptures, which never direct any one to irresistible regeneration. They declare, on the contrary, that the Grace given mankind in order to their conversion may be resisted, and by their own perverseness be made of non-effect. *Matt.* 23. xxxvii.

The curious consequence of this *charming* irresistible Grace is *final* perseverance, inasmuch that no one who is in it can wilfully make shipwreck of his faith; nor no one who lives by faith can ever revert to perdition. This egregious nonsense we, without your pale, sir, deny. *John*, 10, xxviii. xxix.

The diving into the counsels of God, as you all do, is presumptious.

For you hold, that he made an absolute unconditional decree, that a certain number out of all should be saved, and the rest destroyed, in spite of what they *can* or *shall* do. Injustice and partiality are hereby cast upon the supreme Being without shame, and you break the scriptures into fragments, leaving their contexts to shift for themselves. This, surely, is handling the word of God deceitfully; because it is unscriptural; as it most certainly is to preach faith without works, according to what you will find in the latter chapters of the following morsel.

You lastly, all deny the freedom of the will, and daringly assert, that God has not given us power to reject evil and make choice of good. But the scriptures throughout declare a

liberty of choice in all. *Joshua*, 24, xv. *Rev.* 22, xxvii.

Having thus probed your extravagant tenets, let us rest on our arms a while, and examine their effects. —They shake the credit of religion among those who little regard it, by exposing it to the scorn and contempt of infidels and deists.

The dark confused discourse of an enthusiast excites laughter; for who can be serious at a Farce, or avoid ridiculing what in itself is ridiculous? Besides, this blind representation of religion, it unhinges the common principles of it among the unwary and injudicious, who are thence induced to reject the plain and practical precepts of Christianity, to follow after vain delusions that

feed them up with the fantastical conceit of some astonishing indwelling of the spirit, in derision of every moral obligation—every salutary effect on the lives and actions of men; and to the production of spiritual pride, with all uncharitableness in you and your people, who pronounce sentence of condemnation on every one who think differently, perhaps better than yourselves.

Would to God that you and all of you, would by a proper construction of the scriptures, establish your faith on a firm foundation. Ye would not then be driven away by every wind of doctrine, or the craftiness of men. For take it as an undoubted truth, that those who distract their brains, by prying into such abstruse

points of religion, as the hypothesis of election and reprobation—God's eternal decrees, and prescience, do but dote on questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, railings, evil surmising, and perverse disputations; instead of filling their minds with the wholesome fruits of pure religion. Were it otherwise, we should not discover so much folly and wickedness, nor have to lament the many instances, among which are the Fair Methodist and her companions of human deformity, who agreeably to your tenets, grossly sin, under the protection of faith, holding and despising all moral goodness, as of no avail in your plan of salvation.

Take therefore The Fair Methodist under your care. She is ripe for

your purpose, and while by your gentle and constant infusions of faith into her soul, she may continue to sin without remorse, she may also do as she likes with her body.

PREFACE.

To those who may think that the following trifle ought not to have made a public appearance, because a woman is its heroine and married possibly to an honest good man, who in all likelihood may read it in common with others, and thence discover his wife for what she really is; be it known that the Tragi-Comedy was performed so long ago as the years 1783, *and part of* 1784; *and that though it was composed in the following winter, the author, fearful of affording a pang to the innocent, by reason of the conduct of the guilty, could not prevail on himself to put it to press.*

The conflict in his mind, between pity and satyr, agitated him much. He paused on the consequences, pondered o'er his own feelings and

having yet a remembrance of his love for her, who, loving him, had nevertheless misled him, he resolved to lock it up in his cabinet till a time should arrive, when he might offer it to the public without the apprehension premised.

It has now lain by near ten years, and a change of circumstances, with a view to show what the doctrine of Methodists will justify them to do, hath now, with every moral good intention, called upon him to introduce it to the world. He pledges himself for the truth of it, and should any part of his own conduct in the Dramatis personæ *cause the least surprise, under the character of Florimond, he begs the favor, that he may be allowed to plead specially in his defence, that having a sincere love for his once dear Charlotte Grace, who hereafter will come forward, he hopes and doubts not (more particularly by those who know what it is to suffer under this heavenly passion) that he will find not only sympathy, but what is more, an acquittal of any thing dishonorable or unlike a gentleman towards her.*

He even now feels the embers of affection run warmly through his heart for her, and allowing in general for all the failings---the errors of humanity in general; he most truly makes every allowance for her's in particular.

If the small whole-length he has drawn, afford the least instruction or amusement, his main purpose will be answered. He feels for the errors and affections of all men. He venerates Virtue as a deity and detests Vice as a fiend. He has striven to make morality beautiful, not independent of true religion, but correlative to it. If he have had any success, he may pride himself, in having added somewhat to the means of correcting the judgment and amending the heart.

THE

FAIR METHODIST.

CHAPTER I.

A Canterbury Tale.

TIRED of the world, books, business, and mankind, except the good of that sex which sooths our cares, and lightens our load of life by their caresses and endearments; tired of the ways of the wicked, and the mechanical routine of all human affairs, Augustus Florimond and Charles Lorimer, who had long viewed the prospect of life, and the practices of the world with similar eyes; and as long had lived in the harmonious habits of sincerity and mutual regard, resolved to make a private, but phi-

losophical tour. Several places were named by them. This was too far; that was too dear. At first they thought of a bathing place, but that was too public. They then talked of a village, but that was too lonely. At last, Florimond caring not where he went, so as he could find health, the source of happiness, left Lorimer to name the place of destination.

Love, or that genial fire, which with more than magnetic power draws the heart lambently to the object, had long prevailed with Lorimer to subdue its pride, and humble it at the fane of a lovely woman. She was ever in his mind, and no innocent gratification he had experienced with her could wean him from thinking of her with a pleasurable remembrance. He knew how disinterested

her affections for him were, and though he himself was a soldier, subject to be removed from place to place, such were her attractions, that with sympathetic ardor she commanded him irresistibly to look up to her with a sort of never to be forgotten esteem. She had given way in a luckless hour, and despising the unfeeling rules of custom, had sacrificed her all to love and him. He was sensible of it; and, unlike the brutal herd of men, who indulge their appetence at the expence of woman's peace, welfare, and happiness, he, in commemoration of his own regard for her, and of her fondness of him, was impelled almost involuntarily to continue a friendship for her, unfounded in pity, and raised entirely on love:—not that love too often called so, when desire

alone has sharpened passion, independent of the finer feelings of the heart, which teach us that he is base indeed who can remorselessly make a woman lastingly wretched, for making him *falsely* happy for a moment. She lived at Canterbury, and there he and Florimond resolved to repair to, and search amusement to lull their cares.

CHAPTER II.

The Purse.

THERE is no pleasure without an alloy. Florimond and Lorimer had promised themselves much in their intended excursion; but after pleasing themselves like children of a larger growth, with castle-building, the weight of their purses was so light, that they instantly paused, and exclaimed, Alas, what is man! Pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw. All but man are with unearned pleasure gay. They had little money, and were compelled to make the most of it. They saw on this account an unpleasant way; but as christians and as men, meaning

harm to none, and good to all, they recollected the pilgrimage of the ancients in a better cause, and concluded that their little money would, if well disposed, serve their purpose to divert a heavy hour, and procure them health. At this moment an object of compassion greeted their attention, and drew from their pockets half a guinea a piece. It was a poor woman just delivered of two boys, without a coin in her pocket, a morsel to eat, or a drop (except of pity) to comfort her, and assuage her pains. She had preferred the laws of nature to those of society; had been seduced by her master; driven out of the country by the appearance of her pregnancy; discarded by her friends there; and had walked a hundred miles to London, in hopes to find some succor and relief from

the charitable people of that city. She was going to a Justice of the Peace; but being taken in labor at the door of a tavern, her case and condition called forth the united donations of Florimond and Lorimer, even though they thought highly of the amount not a minute before. Their charity thus breaking in on their stock, they chose for cheapness to make a voyage to Gravesend in a tilt-boat, and having packed up a change of apparel, they got into a hack, where, as if Heaven itself disapproved of their tour, they were stunned by a most violent storm of thunder and lightning in their way to Hungerford Stairs; but still more roused to a sense of their being overturned in it, by the drunkenness of their driver. The storm being over, and the fare ended, they stept

into a wherry, and were rowed down the translucent Thames to Billingsgate.

CHAPTER III.

The Gravesend Boat.

CONVENIENCE is every thing. Time and tide served their purpose, and they embarked in a Gravesend boat at Billingsgate, in a throng of fish women, market people, boat men, and blackguards. Seventy passengers were in their company, and the vessel was deeply laden: they set sail, and made way down the pool at about three miles an hour. The wind then to oblige the company, who devoutly prayed for the contrary, shifted full in their teeth, fell into the fannings of Zephyr, and soon left them to the power of the current, and the assistance of oars.

About twelve at night the tide abated, and the flood opposing them off Purfleet they had their choice either to be put on shore there, till the returning ebb, or remain on board at anchor; they chose the latter: and the atmosphere between decks, being unsweetened by Warren's milk of roses, and unessenced by any other perfume than the natural exhalations of human flesh, breathing in the narrow limit of a boat's hold, they continued above, and diverted themselves with a few females from Wapping. They were of the lower order, but very decently dressed, and contrary to all expectation uttered nothing indecent while in the company of Florimond and Lorimer. They were going to see their friends at Chatham, and chose the deck instead of the hold to

avoid the grossness of conversation they heard there, where they found every thing in a state of nature. Perfect as some philosophers may think it, they differed in opinion and left a scene of freedom and ease, wherein no restraint whatever prevailed, for the possible enjoyment of a little open air upon deck. Florimond and Lorimer took them under their protection; they seemed too of a lively moral conversation, and were pleasingly convinced that such a state of nature and natural things as these travellers explained to them were more perfect than they had ever before experienced. They confessed it, and wished themselves out of the boat and in bed. The tide about five in the morning was again favorable; but there being no wind, a Gravesend wherry came along-

side the vessel to convey the passengers to their destined port. Florimond and Lorimer hailed it, and with twenty seven others, removed themselves into it, insomuch that the smallest preponderance would have overset them. They arrived safe at Gravesend, about eight o'clock, where a fellow-passenger politely invited them to breakfast at his house: he was a shopkeeper, and a more obliging man they had not seen a long time. They accepted his offer, and were induced to recommend him to every one, as a return for his urbanity, who may either want goods in his way at Gravesend, or an act of civility.

CHAPTER IV.

The Stage Coach.

THE morning grew sultry, the roads were dusty and hilly, and this so totally undid Florimond and Lorimer's intentions of walking from Gravesend to Rochester, that the very first stage they met, it looked so comfortable, that they took the benefit of it, as readily as they would have done of an insolvent act, had they been as tired of a jail, and had as little in their pockets to pay their debts with, as they were of walking, and then had between them. Lorimer got in, and Florimond mounted on the box; we all sacrifice to appearancy. Lorimer had been quartered in that

country, and did not like to be seen on the outside of a coach. Florimond was a stranger, and rode there through necessity and pleasure; but before he reached Canterbury he heartily wished himself any where else. Surely Horace must have had something more than a player in mind when he said—*Si me vis flere dolendum est.* Those who make me feel must first feel themselves. Florimond, who is too apt to divide misery with others, was placed by a neat clean Kentish girl who had been taken up, as he had been, on the box, and who appeared to have cried very much. She was young, and stopping at a village, she called to a person there, and asked "how is the child," upon being told "extremely well, and would be taken care of," she burst out in tears.

Affected at this Florimond asked her the reason, "O dear sir," (said she) "I am going to leave it, being obliged through want, having spent my last shilling to go out as a wet nurse, and it breaks my heart to leave it, for fear it should not do well." Florimond then asked "whether it had a father," she answered, "yes, sir, in good circumstances, but he won't allow me a farthing," "then you were never married" said he, "no, sir" she replied, "but seduced in service under promise of it." This was another instance, in addition to the many to be found in the dark, and long catalogue of perfidious men, but nature will be nature, and innocence is too weak to escape the snares of the guilty. This poor girl had been debauched by a man of wealth, who, when most it

was required of him, refused her his assistance and consigned her when she asked it, to the devil:—unfeeling brute! Florimond begged her not to cry for that she might do well yet, and live to teach her child, if a daughter, to avoid that danger she herself had fallen into. In short, he comforted her, and himself too, for she had made him uneasy by her tears, and he was heartily glad when he arrived at Canterbury, which he and his companion Lorimer reached, about three o'clock in the afternoon.

CHAPTER V.

The Portmanteau.

THEY found themselves extremely happy in the hope of a comfortable night's rest, and therefore eat the heartier, and drank the freer at dinner. But on enquiring for beds they were coolly informed it was race time, and that they could not have any. Here their philosophy was called upon again to bring them patience, and before it came, the house and yard were as full as a fair, and they could get no answer about beds at all. Indeed unless they would sleep in a stable, they could only sleep in a two-bedded garret which they chose to do. Ne-

ver was a more curious chamber seen ; it would do well for a man in a high fever, or who walked in his sleep, for after going up two flights of steps to it, you descended one, and the light came in at the top of it, out of the reach of a man of six feet high, so that they could neither jump out of window, or tumble down stairs. But alas! all of a sudden Lorimer thought of his portmanteau and went in search of it ; he returned with dolor in his face, saying it was lost and contained a paper he would not take a thousand pounds for. Florimond partook of his chagrin, for he had neither been shaved nor dressed for two days, and his razors and linen were in the portmanteau. They therefore both diligently sought it, one this, the other that way, and at last found it to their mutual satisfaction.

CHAPTER VI.

The Inn.

THE life of an Innkeeper is a pleasant one. It has a scene of variety, and he is troubled with few impertinent or long visitors, and most of his guests pay for what they have. But times and places are material. Florimond and Lorimer found their inn a poor one, badly attended, and it was race time. They did not eat or drink twice in the same room, and they were charged extravagantly for what they did not receive, namely good things of any sort, except one, and that they were favored with by the kindness of the chambermaids.

CHAPTER VII.

The Playhouse.

COUNTRY play-houses have often been thought nuisances, not only from the vagrancy and badness of the performers in them, but the delusion of youth of both sexes from their duty at home; yet the magistrate permits them to be opened for short seasons, as necessary evils to prevent greater. The play-house at Canterbury is over the market-place, and is a pretty painted barn. Here Florimond and Lorimer sat and heard Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of "A Bold Stroke for a Wife," played very comically.—The players, men, wo-

men, and children, were all drunk, and tumbled through their parts with uncommon ease.

CHAPTER VIII.

Love.

LORIMER having met with the object of his love, Florimond now left him to enjoy all possible dalliance with her. He was arrived at the end of his journey, for she lived at Canterbury. It has often been said, that the most pleasing part of men's lives is in the hours of courtship, intrigue, or the first stage of intoxication; and surely so it is: for care is then at at rest, promised pleasure is in view, and all our ideas are alive to mutual joys; therefore he must be a brute (and worse than the man, who, as Shakespear says, has no

music in him) who is insensible to the instinctive calls of love. Lorimer was now happy, for he thought himself so. He, and his dear Harriot, stole frequent interviews, and parted each moonlight night, to meet upon the next, while Florimond pursued his journey to Dover in search of her who might light up a torch in his breast, and make him as happy as his friend; but his once dear object was gone. She had married, and made a voyage to America, where she died. Poor thing! we must all follow. He passed an agreeable day or two at Dover, and then returned to Lorimer at Canterbury; who having glutted himself of love, and nearly emptied his pockets, as well as Florimond, set out with him on their journey home on foot. Better men than they had

walked before them, and more devoutly than they did; and they had nothing to murmur at but the portmanteau, which so short a time before had been dear to them. It was then valuable to them because they had lost it. It was now troublesome because they were obliged to carry it; and thus is one and the same thing often painful or disagreeable, accordingly as we want it, or it bears hard upon us. In about three hours and a half, by the assistance of the portmanteau, which now and then carried them, as Mungo said by the basket, they reached Sittingbourne, and took up their quarters at an inferior, though clean pleasant house, kept, as they soon found, by a lively fellow, who sung a good song, and played a good flute. As Florimond bore a bell

herein, they soon got of the cheap side of the house, supped with their merry landlord, and went to bed. In the morning they again seized the opportunity of a stage-coach, and Lorimer mounted with Florimond thereon. He had now less money and less love than when he left London, and the outside of a carriage was less frightful to him. They reached town in the evening, and after paying their fare, found themselves as poor as if they had both been born without pockets.

"Well, Lorimer," said Florimond, "we have now begun our adventure, and thus ends one part of it." "Yes," replied he, "and God send that we may improve in wisdom by the experience of our travels."

CHAPTER IX.

The Conference.

FLORIMOND and Lorimer sensible that indolence, though naturally indulgent to the feelings of man, was an enemy to enquiry, and that it produces more votaries to dulness, ignorance, and insipidity, than it furnishes the mind with lively objects of occupation and profit, lamented, over a breakfast, that the world did not abound with more worthy characters; and that while the worthless, perhaps shirtless sharper often leaped from abject to exalted fortune, through the kind but mistaken condescension of the cre-

dulous fair, the man of upright heart, honest intentions, and virtuous life, should as often drag on a load of life in obscurity and indigence.

"Fortune," said Lorimer, according to a copy often set before him by his writing-master, "favors the diligent. Man being born no less an active than a social being, ought not to be idle." "True," replied Florimond, "but is it not better to be so, than be employed to our loss, or in a risk of advantage? Is it not better to wander in the fields for health, live low, and gain wisdom from the works of a beneficent creator, than adventure ourselves in the ocean of gaiety; sacrifice our peace and characters at the gaming table, then join the proud throng of

thoughtless devotees to pleasure and show?" "Perhaps it may," said Lorimer, who, though he had a strong relish for philosophy, had tasted so much of the *Bon Ton*, that its pungency on his palate gave him a greater desire to be sometimes in it than Florimond had retained. He therefore boldly asserted, that all philosophy was nothing without the assistance of women; that a man might with a jaundiced eye, a sour heart, and melancholy head, prefer retirement, and the life of a mere animal to the commerce of the world, and become an eremite and misanthrope; but that, on the contrary, by a total abandonment of his inertion, he might in a life of action, if guided by innocence, honor, and integrity, bring himself into a succession of happy events, which would

flow upon him as the ruffled wave is propelled by its undulating follower, thus making every passing day to be the harbinger of something new and agreeable to awaken his attention, and renew his spirits to the latest of his days. "What can be more devoutly wished for," continued Lorimer, "than that we, Florimond, were both married to women we each could separately love —to women whose fortunes would contribute to make the things of this life easy to us, and give us time and leisure free from the anxiety attendant on distress and want, to prepare for a better. I, you know, Florimond, have long panted to be thus married; and let cynics, surly bachelors, and debauchees, say what they will in their closets, and their reveries against the wedded state, I

have ever been sure in my own mind that it is in the power of a well-disposed man, when once possessed of a good woman, to keep her such. Give and take is my motto, as the horse coursers observe on the turf. 'Tis humanity to do so, since neither sex can at all times be free from errors. Love raised on a just sense of honor is immutable, and will survive the severest shock." "Hold, hold," cried Florimond, "you are surely overcome by it since our return from Canterbury," where he thought Lorimer had cured himself of it; but true to his purpose he assured Florimond he had not. He said, "he cared not how soon he was with her, whose fortune were sufficient for them to support that life of elegant simplicity he had been accustomed to, when he would shew

Florimond what it was to be happy and respectable!" "Yes," sighed Florimond, "I thought as you do; yet not a woman I have formed a good opinion of, but have I been duped by. Four times I have nearly approached the altar, with as many separate women, all of whom I highly regarded. Had I suffered the usual vow to have passed my lips, I should long ere this have been wretched. They were masked; and such had been their education, that they had no true sense of honour, religion, or morality, but were worldly inconsiderate and extravagant. With either of these, therefore, my time would have been miserable, and nothing but death my relief. I am now of necessity cautious, though I love women to my very soul, and have often been compassionate to their faults

when they were not allied to vice, but resulted from weakness or folly." Thus spoke Florimond; who concluded with avowing, that, as like Chapeau's master in the farce, such was his situation that he must either hang or marry, he would resolve to strike off the shackles of despair, in which he seemed to be, and if Lorimer would join him, he would make a tour to Bath.

CHAPTER X.

The Introduction.

If history be the record of public events, the description of an adventure by a private person can only be according to that state of mind, in which he may happen to be. A writer of such a work sits down in the progress of it before a pile of materials, collected from former authors, and in proportion to the credit he is able to give them, he arranges and puts them in all the order he can, by the assistance of modern language, and his impartial reflections on each side the historical question, whether civil or political, ecclesiastical or military. As

such a writer may be celebrated for holding an excellent pen, possessing a logical head, and a candid unprejudiced heart, his work when finished will be encouraged and applauded by all parties, and read with pleasure by every one. It is otherwise with the writer of an adventure, whose materials fluctuate with his passions, wich ebb and flow with the state of his health. If he be free from bodily pain, and in even spirits, he will paint men and things as they are. If he be in pain, and out of humor they will be set forth by him with acerbity and disgust. If he be neither ill nor well, but under the controul of the hypochondria, or watchful by the tension or relaxation of his nerves, all he sees will be committed to paper with spleen, satyr, and dislike. And thus may it justly

be inferred that to compose a history, or sketch out an adventure with taste, elegance, and truth, the author must be less crooked than that Prince of Poets, Pope; as healthy, learned, discerning, and liberal, as the super-eminent David Hume, as classical as the living Robertson, as even minded as Doctor Johnson, as pleasant and good-natured as Henry Fielding, and as feeling and sentimental as the humane Laurence Sterne. With the qualifications of such glorious mens' heads and the qualities of their hearts, he may without fear or danger of reproach either for partiality or misrepresentation sit down to the laborious task of history, or the lighter employment of sketching out an adventure. Be it then the endeavor of the writer of a serious ramble, to give his read-

ers a just account of it, and to record as an example taken from human nature, an adventure with a fair methodist for their amusement and benefit. To those novel readers however who pry into books placed on the shelves of a circulating library, be it known, that if they search in these pages for scenes of delicious romance, the flights of fancy, or charming intrigue, they will be deceived. Timely warning is given them in this introduction, that in the course of this work they will find nothing but simple nature. No fiction will be called in to catch a greedy attention, or interest the gaping reader in unworthy discoveries. No character will be distorted to affright the unwary, nor no inflammatory tales be unfolded to poison the tender passions or lead them

astray. All that is promised them in the form of humility is the history of a tour with the memoirs of a woman whose pilgrimage as a religionist, ultimately brought her to the acquaintance of a philosopher, the particulars and consequences whereof remain to be laid open in the course of these sheets; which as they are printed with no ungenerous view, no motive of dishonor, or prospect of gain, will no doubt be perused agreeably to the writer's wishes, with the best of tempers and most liberal construction. If they afford pleasure by blending instruction with entertainment, and hold up human errors arising from a mistaken judgment, a fond heart, an interested friendship, disappointed ambition, and revolted sensibility, over misinformation and artful slander, it will

be the whole that is proposed as a lesson to every woman who, by caution and wisdom may never be so unfortunate as to become the dupe of her own artifice, or fall a sacrifice to an imposition and deception, calculated to pass her off for what she is not, and who, by quitting a substance in possession, may gain a shadow in expectation under the influence of artless love, which bears down every thing before it in spite of precept, prudence, and reflection.

CHAPTER XI.

The Interview.

JUST as Florimond had resolved with Lorimer to fill their portmanteau with the usual change of apparel, linen, &c. and set out for Bath in search of adventures, a Bristol merchant entered the chambers of the former. His person was rather short and thick. His dress that of a common man. He had boots on, with black breeches, a blue great coat over a rusty dark-coloured green one, a coloured handkerchief round his neck, and a horse-whip in his hand. His face which was weather-beaten, hard featured, and sour, was besmeared with Scotch

snuff, which shone forth between the bristles of a stubborn carrotty beard of half a week old. He had an old sandy wig on, under the curls whereof peeped a pair of large ears, and a pair of saddle-bags under his arms. He spoke neither Welsh, English, nor any other language on earth but his own, which seemed a mixture of Dutch and Irish. Altogether he was truly grotesque, and looked like a man just recovered from a trance, or sprung from his bed in a high fever, and all because he had been divested of a ship by a mariner, and a quondam friend, in the very moment he enjoyed the sweet hope that her cargo would set him even with the world, and make him, in technical terms, whole with his creditors, that is to say, as many merchants enter into foreign trade at

Bristol without the burthen of property, and export goods on credit to be paid for by the returns of the adventures, so the Bristol merchant had contracted large debts this way to freight out his ship, which were only to be discharged by the goods or bills imported on her return. Thus is the saying verified, that in Bristol the creditors become the insurers, and not the debtor, in case of loss, where no insurance is made by third persons to answer it, with this distinction, that the debtor in such case is liable to the creditors' demand at law, and to be imprisoned in execution if unable to pay it, which seems to show that both in law and equity, he, and not they, is entitled to the premiums on such risks, and to charge the trade therewith, more especially so, as he is thus

liable to loose his liberty where a loss ensues and he is unable to pay his debts.

CHAPTER XII.

Commentary on Lawyers.

FLORIMOND, whose heart was ever open to the calls of distress received the Bristol merchant with that freedom of access which it was ever his practice to give. Not with that distant, formal, affected consequence which characterizes counsel in general, who too often, and with too much reason, treat even attornies with indifference, and indeed with scarcely common politeness. It is not to be wondered at. Conscious of their own superiority in point of rank and learning, they look down on those practisers who are void of either,

and receive them with their illiterate instructions, purely for the sake of their fees. Except, indeed, those counsel who get to the bar out of vanity, with a moderate share of houshold knowledge from the inferior stations of schoolmasters, ushers, hackney writers to booksellers, editors of news-papers, smugglers, and even tradesmen, self-persuaded that a black gown and a tye-wig will make them important in the eyes of those who do not know them, and entitle them to the good opinion of those who do. Many men of this description, humbly born, meanly bred, and with the smattering of a little outside frothy information, a good front, the effect of emptiness, and sufficient verbosity to please the gaping vulgar at the Robinhood, of necessity familiarize themselves with

the common run of attornies, with whom they smoke a pipe, talk and look big over a cup of sickening coffee, or poisonous punch at Nando's, Joe's, Browne's, or elsewhere, and get into mere bread in return, either by making a motion of course, bullying bail, opening a trifling cause at *Nisi Prius*, attending the Old Bailey, or a trading justice. Mistaken pride! False ambition! many such men as these have lived to want, and died in indigence and disgrace, reflecting on the imprudence of their parents, or their own folly, which has thrown them into a profession, in which they made no way for want of talents, interest, or connexions. On the contrary, they would have been more respectable, prosperous, and happy, had they persevered in the line to which they

were better fitted by nature and capacity. A few exceptions may indeed be made to this, but too few to encourage the many men who attempt to make a figure at the bar, without a tithe of their qualification. Not so with Florimond, who having received a liberal education, and been intended for the bar from the beginning, was, contrary to the opinion of the learned Blackstone, as laid down in the Introduction to his Commentaries, placed with an old and very eminent attorney in London, who was skilled in the art of special pleading—an art which Lord Coke, that great father of the profession, called the heart-string of the law. Laughed at, as it may be, by the uninformed, who indeed laugh at every thing they do not understand, it is a science of intricacy

and nicety, admired the more the more it is known, as is the case by a knowledge of law in general. It consists of the mutual altercations between plaintiff and defendant reduced to writing until they are brought to a point, whereby a Court and Jury can determine the law and fact in favour of either. With this gentleman Florimond passed thro' the usual time of probationship; and having as strong a taste for the spirit of laws, as he had for letters and philosophy, he kept his terms in the Temple with a view to attend the bar in Jamaica, where he had relations; but the hurricane of 1780, and the death of one of the best of mothers, whom he fondly esteemed, depriving him of considerable property abroad, and the sincerest of friends at home, his health became

affected, and all his prospects blackened by illness, losses, and disappointments. His mother was ever in his mind, and her death made him unhappy. He courted solitude, and was nearly absorbed by despondency. He now felt how great had been her worth, and that though he had sacrificed much to his affection for her, it was but a tythe of what was due to her from him she had generated, borne, bred up, educated, supported, and befriended with the greatest of care, tenderness, and regard. He strove to overcome her departure; but the shock was deep, and he was obliged to give way to sickness and sorrow in spite of all his efforts to the contrary. He reasoned on his condition; but nature turned on herself, and bore him down, until by a change of scene and circumstances

he reflected on the selfishness of sorrow, and recovered a small degree of health, which fortified his mind against all his troubles.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Departure for Bath.

Depressed by anxiety, and dispirited by disappointment, Florimond and his cordial friend Lorimer, a man whom every one liked, resolved to adjourn to Bath, there to change the scene, and wait the Chapter of Accidents. The lamentable tale of the Bristol, *alias* almost broken-hearted merchant, hastened his departure, that he might the better be enabled to search into the cause of violence done him, and prevent the ruin that was intended him. Lorimer and the portmanteau being prepared for the journey, Florimond

and he committed themselves into one of the night coaches, and left London with little or no regret. Every thing went tolerably smooth with them until they came within a few miles of Reading, when one of the horses being knocked up, they were obliged to get out in the dirt and rain, and walk to that town; where having procured fresh cattle, they again got in, and merrily travelled to the centre of Marlborough forest. Here, by the darkness of the night, the coachman went a little out of his track, overturned the coach, and broke his neck in the fall. There were four passengers, a lady and gentleman, Florimond and Lorimer, who would have been all smothered, had Florimond not seized the coach door next him, as it was turning, and forced his head out of

it, while Lorimer, who sat opposite to him, fastened on his cloaths, by which he avoided falling on the lady, who very providentially received no hurt. Florimond and Lorimer got out, and pulled the carriage on its wheels. The lady and gentleman were more affrighted than hurt, having only scratched themselves with a pin. Florimond and Lorimer then took off the horses, which were not in the least injured by the accident, and they rode to the turnpike, a mile from whence it happened, for assistance; which having procured, they returned to the company, had the dead coachman's pockets searched, took care of the contents for his master, and saw the coach and them safe back to the last stage, where they all received the thanks of the coach-masters for their

kind attention, with a present of a hogshead of excellent cyder. The company being refreshed, they now proceeded on their way to Bath, which they reached in the morning about eleven o'clock, three hours later than usual, without meeting any thing worth relating upon paper, which being in this instance historical, is intended to be what Horace calls it, the mother of wisdom. Our fellow travellers seemed at their journey's end, and, as distress and misfortune kindle a sort of friendship between those who share a common danger, an intimacy took place, though of no longer duration than while they were together at the inn; after which Florimond and Lorimer left them in search of lodgings, hoping

they might never meet with such another accident in the whole course of their lives.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Tabernacle.

FLORIMOND and Lorimer passed a day or two in the pleasing city of Bath, without meeting with any thing remarkable. They amused themselves with the young and the old, frequented the pump-room, laughed, chatted, and walked with the lively and loquacious, and trifled with loungers of both sexes, to little or no other purpose than to pass over an idle hour. In good truth, they found no game; hardly any thing to divert them, feed reflection, or that was worthy attention. For notwithstanding Bath has its beauties

and conveniences, and is a happy resort for invalids, on account of its hot springs so celebrated all over Europe, it is not alike pleasing to all visitors, as may be seen in the ingenious travels of Humphrey Clinker. Even gamesters like it only while they have opportunities of displaying the talents by which they live; and the infirm are attached to it of necessity, which reconciles every thing, for the sake of their health. Too hot in summer, and too cold in winter, the phantastical, who are satisfied with nothing but their own whims, find fault with it; and none but women are truly delighted in it, because here they are in an elegant throng; balls, plays, and amusements engage them in its favor, especially if they be maid or widows, who have not forsworn the rites of

marriage, but join in the festive dance in hopes of converting their partners into husbands. Alas! what cheats are men and women in the affairs of love! Each are seducers, and each alternately deceive. Alike deserving the name of fortune hunters, they attack each other in masquerade, and do not drop their vizors until they have sacrificed a vow from their faithless lips at the fane of Hymen's altar, when making themselves known for what they truly are, they appear as hideous and deformed as before they had falsely been endearing and desirable. Florimond, however, recollecting that religion is never without its devotees, and especially when her priests disseminate any thing extravagant, or out of the common way, thought of the Tabernacle; and

Bath being the fashionable receptacle of all sorts of people, it contained houses of worship of every denomination, for the accommodation of Jews, Christians, Churchmen, Dissenters, and sectaries of all sorts, from the puritanic presbyterian down to the meek quaker, the neat attired Wesleyan, and the gloomy methodist. He accordingly proposed to Lorimer a visit to the Tabernacle, built by the truly pious and excellent hearted Lady Dupely; a lady, who, blinded by a love of pure christianity, had met with various impostors, hypocrites, and blockheads. They repaired to this place of worship, which, though tolerated, never fails to hit the mother church a blow in due season; and after they had sat out the most contradictory, unconnected, and devious discourse

on that text of St. Paul, " For by the works of the law shall no faith be justified," which the preacher, alias raver, clearly neither understood nor explained, they turned round, and amidst many fine women, they saw not only several whom they formerly knew to be of very loose characters, but the very gentleman and lady who had been their fellow sufferers in the overturned stage-coach, as demure, that is, devout as saints. " Those two," says an old woman, " are about to be married, they have been acquainted several years ". The gentleman is an apothecary in London, and she was his patient. He was formerly a great libertine ; but overtaken by grace, he turned to the Lord, and finding this lady of a ductile temper, he has prepared her for

that heaven he himself is undoubted heir to, and brought her so completely within his plan of salvation, that he has resolved to make her his own as soon as the Bath waters have restored her to her health, which has long been indifferent. She is a sweet woman." So saying, Lorimer tapped Florimond on the shoulder in haste, vowed both his pockets had been picked, and that he wished to speak with a girl he remembered on the town in Marybone, who was just gone out of chapel. Florimond followed him, but lost him in the croud, and went home to his lodgings, where in about half an hour after Lorimer came, saying, he had seen the girl home, and was all astonishment at her reformation. He assured Florimond she had informed him, that she could sit to eternity

to hear such a discourse as was that evening delivered at chapel upon the insufficiency and derision of good and lawful works, which she was convinced was of no avail with her maker. But as neither Florimond nor Lorimer were attracted by what they had heard there, or had seen in Bath, they discharged their lodgings, and went over to Bristol. There Florimond took up his abode at the Bristol merchant's; Lorimer at the Wells. The first on business; the last in search of good fortune.

CHAPTER XV.

Law Matters.

WHILE Lorimer was engaging himself among the ladies at the Wells, for he was the delight of both old and young, Florimond found out the cause of violence done the Bristol merchant, and after rescuing him out of the hands of his enemies who had religiously meditated his ruin, he composed and published his true case, which had its effect, to the shame and confusion of those, who like initiating methodists were cast under the stings of that conviction, which a long absence of grace had as long prevented.

Florimond now finding the air of Bristol and its neighbourhood agree with him, wintered there, and was often consulted as a lawyer, down to the dissolution of the last parliament in 1784.

In the course of the winter, meeting an old schoolfellow who had lodged at the Wells, where he frequently saw Lorimer, who mixed with the loungers, and entered into the spirit of that doleful place, he paid him several visits at the house of Mrs. Douglas, where he boarded and lodged. Here he renewed his acquaintance with a brother Oxonian who had chosen this situation for some time to repair his health. When at college, about ten years before he was studious, learned, and convivial, but now he was sickly,

pensive, and religious. He had taken orders, and disobliged his father who intended him for the bar. He was ever fond of Florimond and always chose Theology as a subject to converse with him upon. Out of a large and elegant library of books he had retained only his bible, which he said contained all the libraries in the world. He was sincere, however erroneous, and though inclined to methodism, never mixed with fanaticks. He was consumptive, and after an illness in which Florimond at his request constantly attended him, he died without a groan or complaining, unthinking of every thing but his redeemer and heaven. In the hours of health he had written many thoughts on the vanity of worldly things, which when dying he gave to Florimond, who after his

death corrected, enlarged, and added greatly to it, which he then printed and published under the name of "The vanity of all human knowledge" with a philosophical dedication to Dr. Priestley. The poem was much read and liked; it would have been more so, but such is the effect of prejudice on weak minds, that the very name of Priestley led many to suspect that the poem was as religiously licentious as they ignorantly concluded the Doctor to be, whom they very irreligiously hated.

And thus a poem which slightly breathed a spirit of Methodism was neglected by these mortals, merely because it was dedicated to a learned dissenting minister, who labours only for the benefit and instruction, the dignity and happiness of mankind.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Bristol Election.

No sooner was a new parliament summoned, than Bristol was all in uproar; her citizens heartily prayed for an opposition, and were blessed with it accordingly, to the abundant mortification of the candidate who had sitten in the last. He had tasted of the sweets of the House of Commons, and it galled him to loose the name of a parliament man, which gave him more weight and consequence than otherwise he had obtained. Henry Cruger, a native of New-York, who had been bred up in Bristol as an American merchant,

was the man of the people in that city. He was a gentleman elegant in manners, liberal hearted, and universally benevolent. He had represented it before, and gone through all its pretorian offices with honor; and the late candidate having displeased the constituents by voting with an ex-minister, and for an unpopular India-bill, contrary to the spirit of an address, the name of Cruger bore down every thing before it, and though then in America he was opposed to the former gentleman, and instantly on opening the election, received with the most promising encouragement.

In this moment the Bristol merchant, equally active in the cause of liberty and independance, as he was to vindicate his own private wrongs

—equally patriotic and public spirited, as he was privately neighbourly and kind, applied to Florimond to assist as counsel for Mr. Cruger on the hustings, he, busying himself all he was able in that gentleman's interest with the respective voters.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Hustings.

Of all the bear gardens (except the real one) a popular election is surely the greatest. The Guildhall was filled with all manner of artificers, tradesmen, and common people. That part of it called the Sheriff's-court was divided into two docks, where the voters were arranged in tallies of ten in number to vote for the respective candidates. The table was surrounded by the clerks and undersheriff, and covered with agents and attornies, who examined into the rights of the electors, under their admission to the freedom of the

city and as freeholders. The noise in the court at large; the chattering confusion and nonsense in that within, presently satisfied Florimond, who was then an invalid, that he was about dearly to earn the fee he had engaged to receive for his attendance in foul air and riotous factious company. He, however, persevered for thirty-two days in succession (sundays excepted) when Mr. Cruger was duly elected. His brother, the colonel, who had acted gallantly in America, represented him on the Hustings and in his canvas; and he, with Florimond, was witness to a scene of infamy unpractised at any other election in the kingdom. It was this: The whole time of voting being considered as one continued day, all persons qualified within it are deemed good voters,

and whoever marries the daughter of a freeman, becomes a constituent; consequently the unsuccessful candidate, to encrease his votes, procured by his agents the lowest of mortals to marry the lowest of freemens' daughters from off the town; who, heated by intoxication, and encouraged for a price, gave their voices in his favor, and afterwards the wedded pairs in general parted to meet no more. Such a prophanation was highly complained of; yet, religious as the people of Bristol may be, it has taken place on more election occasions than one, and ought for the sake of the sanctity, at least the solemnity of the marriage contract, to be utterly destroyed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Hot-wells.

Most heartily fatigued and disgusted with the Bristol election, Florimond now paid a visit to a friend a clergyman who lodged at Mrs. Douglas' at at the Wells. Her house, like most houses for the accommodation of company, was open as well to all parties as to all religionists—to the true christian, or the unfortunate infidel, and she could join in prayer with a Jew or Turk, as well as a Methodist or Wesleyan. Her husband whom she maintained was an Irish papist, and she herself was every thing and nothing. She was called a profess-

ing christian, and was all things to all comers. She had, as the reader no doubt remembers, if not, 'tis not material, as it is now about to be repeated, been very courteous to Florimond when he visited his school-fellow and old college acquaintance there, as in a former chapter, and now pressed him to dine with her. He partly consented to do so, walked into the garden with her, and there seeing a neatly dressed fair lady who appeared to have been ill, picking currants from the bushes, he asked who she was. "Indeed," says Mrs. Douglas, "I don't know, sir. She is but lately come into my house, was brought by some very religious friends of mine from Bath, by the recommendation of Lady Dupely. She seemed very uneasy at being left alone here, and I am requested

to show her every attention in my power." "Has she any fortune," replied Florimond. "I fancy she has," answered Mrs. Douglas, "and that she is *a very warm one,* besides being the sweetest tempered good creature in the world."

Pleased with this information, the summer approaching, and all nature just then beginning to look gay, Florimond resolved to stay and dine with Mrs. Douglas that he might enjoy the company of this fair though sickly *incognita,* and determine the propriety of forming an honorable acquaintance with her. We will introduce her to the readers not as the late Fielding did the charming Sophia, lest she should be found in the end to suffer too severely in the comparison. Sophia was all excel-

lence in person and mind ; but this lady remained to be known. She was of the middling size, very fair in skin, her hair of the flaxen kind combed without powder, her eyes were of a light azure colour. She had a sweet placid countenance, a tender smile, and an engaging voice. Her appearance was countrified. She had little of the look of a lady of Fashion, but much of the woman of virtue and sincerity. She seemed unused to company though easy and affable in it, Her manners were modest and respectful, and her attention was visibly directed to Florimond, on whom her eyes were constantly placed. They sat near each other at table, in company of Mrs. Douglas, the clergyman, and several ladies. The conversation at first was general, and then turning

on religion, Florimond convinced them he was not unacquainted with any of its tenets, and they convinced him they were all Methodists. A book of Hawes' sermons lying on the table, and Mrs. Douglas saying Florimond was a great friend to the gospel, though she had never spoken to him on the subject in her life, the ladies, and particularly the fair *incognita*, whom the obliging reader will please to recollect under the stile and title of Miss Charlotte Grace, entreated him to read one, which he did so audibly and well, that they all pronounced him a good reader. With this compliment he took his leave, but not without having a promise exacted from him that he would dine with the same party on the morrow, the more especially so, as he was going to Lon-

don the day after. He accordingly was true to his appointment, and being again seated at table with Miss Grace, who had greatly attracted him by her figure, behaviour, and supposed good fortune, the conversation was less general than before, and they insensibly fell into a sort of public *tete a tete*. The dinner being over and the afternoon fine, the company paired off to the pump room. Florimond and Miss Grace were now alone, and eloquent in silence, which the former tenderly broke by a proposal of a walk with her, which she instantly and without a moment's hesitation closed with. They sauntered to the spring and seemed reciprocally happy, each secretly promising themselves the fruition of their secret wishes. They addressed each other in placid

tones, Florimond spoke low, and left Miss Grace to conclude from his respectful expressions every thing she pleased, while he anticipated every thing she meant he should do. Thus they delicately understood one another, without being too significant and pointed on one hand, or too indifferent and unmeaning on the other. "After the fatigue," said Florimond, "I have undergone in the cause of a Bristol merchant, and the election of Mr. Cruger, I feel much pleased Miss Grace that accident should thus bring me to your acquaintance, which I hope we shall both remember with satisfaction when we are far apart." "Sir, you are very polite," answered Miss Grace, "I had often heard you spoken of in Mrs. Douglas' house since I have been there, and am not at all disappointed in my ex-

pectations of you from the little I have seen of you. I came over here from Bath where the waters disagreed with me. But give me leave to ask you, sir, were you not overturned in the stage on Marlborough forest? I think I recollect your voice, "indeed, I was, Miss, and I now believe you was with me, and an elderly gentleman with you. Bless me," continued Florimond, "what strange things does accident produce! allow me then to ask you how the waters of this place agree with you?" "Very well, sir, and I am much recovered." They had got to the spring and having taken a glass of it, they walked far below the old Hot-wells remarking on the beauty of the rocks, and the circumstance of their meeting again after the disaster that had befallen them

on Marlborough forest. "Really," said Miss Grace, "I only knew you by your voice, you know we travelled in the night, and saw but little of each other in the morning, besides the difference of dress alters a person much." They now turned into a wood and seated themselves on the grass. Here they enjoyed a romantic pleasure from the stillness of the air, the singing of birds, the skipping of lambs, the sweetness of the wild thyme, but above all the passing of vessels under their eyes between the most curious rocks. Tired with admiration at this scene of natural simplicity, Florimond took out an elegy he had written on the death of his mother and read it to his dear Miss Grace. When he came to this verse—

For oft as here I view my Anna's name
On her dear image force my heaving sigh,
I o'er her tomb my grief shall here renew,
And pierce e'en heav'n with my plaintive cry.

she dropped a tear, a proof of sensibility in the eyes of Florimond, who instantly shut the book, gently but diffidently took her by her sweet white hand streaked with the faintest color of carmine, pressed it to his bosom and fell into her's. He embraced her and declared he loved her, but the evening coming on, they beat the same way home they thence had beaten to the enchanting wood. So long however had they been out that all the other lodgers marvelled at it, remarking on the singularity of a young lady's staying out with a gentleman she had scarcely seen before. As they entered the

house, Miss Grace asked Mrs. Douglas for a private room, expressing a wish to have Florimond drink tea with her alone ; but the impropriety of the request striking Mrs. Douglas, she declined showing one, and recommended the common parlour, where they refreshed themselves in a corner, over a cup of hyson, and Florimond took his leave, though not before he understood that his correspondence in London, which he reached the next night, would be agreeable to his dear Miss Charlotte Grace.

CHAPTER XIX.

Mutual Love.

POSSIBLY it may be thought that the declaration Florimond made of his love to Miss Grace, after a second conversation, was too early, and that this lady was too believing in not resisting it, until time and a better acquaintance had made it welcome. But as his character was well known, and love is not to be controuled, he possibly was the more sincere and in earnest; by a sudden expression of his passion, which she sincerely and earnestly received. It may be doubted whether the consequences of an early confession of the impulse of love, be

not more happy than those of a long and deliberate acquaintance, under which, the flame that has been at all kindled, has been known to burn itself out, and leave the parties, after all their sober caution, in a state of mutual indifference. The first emotion is generally best, and the sooner it is made known, the better. So thought Florimond, who having Miss Grace hanging as it were round his heart, wrote to her as follows:

"Dear Miss Grace.

"Whether there be a fatality in the affairs of love, as some have supposed there is in those of the world, I cannot determine; but since accident brought me to your acquaintance, I have suffered a sort of pleasing pain which I cannot describe. I have been perhaps too precipitate in

speaking my mind so plainly as I have done; yet as my motive was sincere, it deserves to be excused, let the consequence be what it may. In short, I wish to know from yourself how far I may hope to encrease my acquaintance with you, and whether if I return to the Wells before you leave them, an honorable explanation of my wishes will be agreeable? Indulge me with an answer at all events, and believe me

Your sincere and devoted friend,

A. FLORIMOND."

Temple, London.

To which letter, Florimond in the course of the post received the following answer:

" Twice have I taken up my pen to write, and as often laid it down,

recollecting I was a woman, weak, and unlearned; you, a man of great abilities and a scholar; yet trusting to that generous politeness which ever distinguishes Mr. Florimond to excuse my inability, I venture to acknowledge the receipt of his obliging and elegant letter. My wish is to please my friend, for in that my heart is gratified. Indeed my good sir, my soul sympathized with yours on reading what you have written me. Our sentiments concur, and my heart is not so contracted but it can feel for your situation. Believe me, your tender sensibility will never be abused by me; could I contribute to your happiness the pleasure would be double to me. But I blush for my own sex while I write it, I know not the woman capable of making you happy in the marriage state; there is such

levity, such modish trifling reigns universal among them, that they are unworthy the affections of my amiable correspondent. Still, I think one may be found deserving your regard; I sincerely wish you may meet her. The Poet sensibly says—

" What is the blooming tincture of the skin
" To peace of mind, to harmony within?
" What the bright sparkling of the finest eye
" To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
" Can comeliness of form, of shape, of air,
" To comeliness of words or deeds compare?
" No: those at first the unweary heart may gain,
" But these, these only, can that heart retain."

I have just been taking a solitary walk by the rocks; my ears have been saluted by the winged choristers, and had I been favoured with your conversation, it would have greatly heightened the beauty of the scene. I flatter myself with the hope of soon en-

joying that pleasure, assuring you that your presence will be very agreeable to, and much wished for, by

Your sincere friend
and very humble servant,
CHARLOTTE GRACE."

This letter sensibly communicating the feelings of an affectionate heart, served only to add fuel to a fire already blown up in the breast of Florimond, to whom it was addressed. He replied to it as he really felt, and he regularly corresponded with the fair writer until his departure from London, to meet her at the Wells. In one of her many letters was contained this paragraph:—

"I do assure you, to gain the esteem and good opinion of a man

like yourself gives me more satisfaction than the fulsome adoration of a thousand triflers.

"It is a delightful evening, which makes me wish for your agreeable company and instructive conversation. I could almost wish business had not called you to London, but it is a selfish wish, as my own happiness is most concerned in it. Why did chance throw you in my way, and then so soon deprive me of you? Had I never known you I should never have lamented your loss. I dare not trust my pen to say all that is in my mind. Were you here I should say a thousand things if I dared. I wish you was here, and with a thousand wishes in your favor.

I am your sincere friend,

C. G."

Such soothing language elevated Florimond, and when he read other letters he received from Miss Grace, he was transported. He was certain of success, as the reader will conclude from the following extracts:

"I am convinced, Florimond, I can make you truly happy and myself too. I could say more, but prudence forbids me; if you wish to hear it *come in person*, I shall then have a double pleasure. As to your setting out from London I care not how soon. I have now no other room for myself but a bed room; but perhaps we may manage things, so as to be most of our time *together alone*. Let me know, therefore, when I am to expect you.

Your sincere

C. G."

The fond importunity of these expressions rendered Florimond restless and uneasy. It attracted him to her like the loadstone to the North, because he loved her, and deemed her a woman of sufficient competence, to make his and her own life comfortable. As such he left his affairs in confusion, and returned to lodge in the same house with her, kept by Mrs. Douglas. In one of her letters she hinted she was engaged, and lamented it was not in her power to make him as happy as she wished, but she touched so slightly on this point, that he doubted the truth of it, and thought it calculated to try his feelings, especially as it appeared impossible to him that a lady could *correspond affectionately with a gentleman* at a time she was betrothed to another.

On his arrival in the house where he left her, he was informed by Mrs. Douglas she had sprained her leg, in company with a young lady, Miss Merry; who with a Mrs. Franco, her two daughters, and a Miss Lower, her sister, had lodged there since Florimond's last visit, and that she was on her bed. This Miss Merry was a Methodist, and Mrs. Franco the widow of a Jew widower, whose servant she had been. He cut his throat at Bath, and left her with two agreeable daughters, and a handsome fortune for her and them. She had lived (as Fame said) in open adultery with him in his first wife's time, and repenting of her sins had turned Methodist also, endeavouring to make her daughters the same. Mrs. Douglas was a rigid one for the sake of her pocket,

more than her soul, insomuch that Florimond soon found himself in a domestic tabernacle.

CHAPTER XX.

The Bed-chamber.

THERE is a certain something that always affects the hearts of those who are truly touched with the sweet passion of love, and Florimond being requested to walk up into Miss Grace's bed-chamber, felt an inward palpitation of heart he could not account for, while she, dear lady, as she afterwards confessed, and the reader will find in due order and place, was not without her emotions of spirit. When he had changed his habiliments, he introduced himself to her. She received him with all the tremor of kindness. She evinced by her looks

she rejoiced to see him, and having shaken hands, which shook their very soul, he dined with her, only because he was sure, though without any verbal invitation, it was mutually desirable and as mutually agreeable. Florimond was doubly happy in her company because she appeared so with his: "Oh," says he, seizing her hand, "my dear Grace, the seeing you, transports me. You know, I declared my love for you in the lonely wood, and have suffered a mixture of pleasure and pain in thinking of you since. If you love me but half as much which by your language I cannot question, you will be able to judge of those pangs in my breast which perhaps have not been strangers to your own." "Indeed," answered she, "I have felt deeply for you; I am

glad once more to see you. Would it were in my power to make you as happy as you deserve! All I can do for you I will. I have a fortnight more to stay in this house, when, to my sorrow I must leave you. I am summoned home! "Charming woman," replied Florimond, "you have been the only dear possessor of my heart since I left you. I have quitted every thing for you, and have even adventured to see you here with barely a sufficiency to defray my ordinary expences, and let the consequence be what it may, if I have but your smiles all will be well." She now sighed, and night drawing on, Florimond left her to prepare for her nocturnal rest. He retired to a chamber on the same floor with her own, which she had previously engaged for him, impatiently longing

for the returning morning to breakfast, according to her invitation, with his dear Charlotte. It at length arrived and he kept his engagement, which was so bewitching that in the course of a fortnight, he was seldom out of her company, to the remark of Mrs. Franco, her sister, Miss Lewer, and Miss Merry, who all paid her occasional visits and sung hymns to her. The better to pass him off upon them, she said she had known him and his deceased mother many years, and that the latter was a Methodist. In any other case these untruths would not have been venial. But love was apparently their apology, however prudence and wisdom condemned them. Florimond dallied a fortnight with her in all possible harmony. He constantly breakfasted and sat with her in her

chamber the whole time. Sometimes he read to her, talked of love and friendship, painted scenes of conjugal bliss in the brightest and simplest colors, and warmed her bosom into the tenderest glow. "It is not, my dear Charlotte," said he, affluence, mansions, coaches, town-houses, or the first circles of politeness and fashion, that can give content to the rational mind, when the heart and hand do not accompany each other. A cottage in some healthy corner of the country, far from courts, though near to a few selected friends, with a small sufficiency, is preferable to all the glare of false grandeur, splendid misery, and delusive pageantry. Those wedded pairs who find a friend in the lover are truly blessed. Their home is a palace and their contented

mind a continual feast. For my part," continued Florimond, "I do not want riches. It is true, though born and bred a gentleman I cannot afford to marry without a fortune. With the fruits of my own profession a little would suffice me. I have unfortunately lost my only friend, my Jacob's staff, when most I wanted her, I mean my mother, with whom I passed the greatest part of my life. I have survived most of my relations, who all had fortunes in Jamaica and England, and have now but an only sister, two nieces, and a nephew. Since my mother's death I have been rather a wanderer. Business and amusement brought me over here, where I think I have found health and profit, but above all, you, my dear Charlotte, who perhaps may make me happy for life.

I love you, indeed I do, the more so, as you appear to have been educated far from cities, where vice abounds, and have the seeds of virtue and goodness rooted in your soul. Pardon me then, if I am too importunate in asking you, whether I am half as much esteemed by you, as you are by me." She sighed, she wept, and after a pause of some moments, made answer, "he was, I never, said she, felt for a man as I now do for you. I wish I had known you some years ago, I know I could have made you happy and myself too, but now I can only be your friend. I was brought here by him to whom I expect shortly to be *married*, and to whom I have been partly *engaged* for some time. He is a good man, and a Methodist. To him I owe much." "Engaged!"

replied Florimond; inevitably so! it cannot be! How long?" "*Six years,*" answered she. "Impossible!" exclaimed he, embracing her. "Why, my dear Charlotte, it is an age. I confess I heard a whisper in the house here to such a purport, but it was rather laughed at than otherwise. What man could love so lovely a woman *six* years and not make you long ere this his own. I will not believe it," and so displeased was she, that such a report should prevail in the house, that the first moment Florimond left her she rang her bell, *desiring that it might not be reported again she was so to any one.*

Florimond was alarmed at it, but after all that had passed between them, he trifled with the thought. He continued his visits as usual,

which she encouraged as much as possible, and having informed her in the fullness and sincerity of his heart, who and what he was, and that at her importunity he had left London, and all his affairs in disorder; he now requested she would have the goodness to do the same of herself. She acquiesced and answered thus, "My father and mother are gentle people: *I inherit three hundred a year from a godfather,* beside what they will give me on my marriage, which will not be less perhaps, more than what they gave several of my sisters, who have long been wives." "'Tis enough," replied Florimond. With such a woman as I believe you to be I wish for no more, and as you say you are summoned home, excuse the anxiety of a lover, who thinking it improper you should travel alone,

now offers to accompany you. You are still unwell of your sprain, and I cannot think of letting you go by yourself. We will save appearances in the house, and I will go with you if you please." She took time to consider of the offer and accepted it. Elevated with this event, and as love is the mother of poetry, he retired and composed the following lines:

To Miss Charlotte Grace.

At Bristol's font whose milky waters flow,
To raise the sickening beauty here below
I met my fair: death seem'd within her arms,
And lost myself in love's subduing charms;
In pallid hue her virtues brightly shone,
I bent to them, and bending was undone.
In love we caught the sympathetic fire,
We wish'd, we hop'd with mutual fond desire;
In sighs we join'd, and love our only theme,
All else to us was now an idle dream.

Our love-fraught hearts unbid to check their joys,
Involv'd in one, forgot all earthly toys.
Hush'd be ye winds : O hear the pleasing tale,
Abate, ye wantons, lull your passion's gale ;
Conjoin'd our hearts, our hands we vow'd to join,
And crown our love by all the laws divine.
Awaiting this we sued for Hymen's hand,
And fondly watch'd his conjugal command—
Yet ah ! I fear our promis'd joys are fled,
And cruel Fate a cruel arrow sped.
Speak then, my fair, thy lover faintly calls,
For speech now fails him, and he fainting, falls :
Too much to bear, he fears to see thee borne
To one unlov'd, and from his bosom torn :
Death strike the hand, to sordid interest sold,
That gives thy dearest peace for peaceless gold—
Too much to bear I fear myself deceiv'd,
I thought thee mine, and as I thought believ'd.
Close by thy side, I constant watch'd thy pain,
And strove thy drooping spirits to regain ;
Then cheerful bore thee near thy rural home,
And sighing, left thee wretchedly to roam.
Forerunning ill, with all its horrid train
I more than met, far more than solid pain ;
What joy, what woe for us is now in store,
Or heav'n or hell from hence for evermore.
Then leave all meaner things for love below ;
Come, dwell with me so long as life shall flow :

Then blest, and blessing each will smoothly glide
On pleasure's wing, adown the mortal tide;
And when the spring of life shall cease to play,
In love will wake to an immortal day.

These lines he presented to her. She read, she kissed, and pressed them in her bosom, and as the fulness of her time was come to depart, she requested him to engage a convenience for herself and him towards home.

As a blind to the curious and impertinent in the house, he gave out he was going to Bath, and would see Miss Grace safe to Bristol. The assertion was well received, and after they had drank tea with Mrs. Franco, Miss Lewer, Miss Merry, and a Methodist parson, by invitation, they committed themselves to a Hot-wells stage, which set them down at the

White Hart in Bristol. Here they supped; and early in the morning they stepped into the Worcester machine, which about eight o'clock in the evening placed them at the Star and Garter in that city. In this house they were in each other's arms till the Monday following, nights only excepted, Florimond incessantly urging her to promise him her hand before all the world. She sighed, and wept her consent in spite of her *faint*, though *slyly* repeated hints of her *engagement to another*. "Heavens, Florimond," said she, "my heart is oppressed beyond all bearing. I wish I had never known you. Do forget me, I will not marry any man. I shall then give cause of reproach to no one." Florimond devoured her with kisses; she relented, and declining

his offer to see her home, lest the censorious of her own neighbourhood might say, she quitted it with one man and returned to it with another; she most solemnly and faithfully promised to consult her father on Florimond's offer, which with his approbation she would joyfully accept, and inform him of the result by a line to Worcester." They then parted, and she went to her home while he remained in that city to lament her loss, the more so, as she said and *proved in all her actions* that she loved him, that she was the daughter of a gentleman, and had an estate of three hundred a year, beside what her father would give her as a portion on her marriage and his death. He certainly was alarmed at her hints of a pre-engagement, but when he reflected on the

time it had subsisted he passed it over with disdain, though she named the party, his character, and profession; and said, he had been upon a week's visit with her at her father's, who had consented to his conducting her thence to Bath and Bristol, just before she saw and became acquainted with Florimond, whose name, description, and reputation, she declared had prepossessed her in his favor, unsight, unseen. Besides her *walking out* with him at the Wells—her having *pressed his early return to her* from London to Mrs. Douglas', where she had engaged a chamber for him on the same floor with her own, her having him *constantly in her company there*—her making him little *presents*, and her suffering him with pleasure to *accompany her to Worcester*, of course led him to conclude that

whatever intimacy subsisted between her and this same gentleman, who will soon make his appearance on the theatre of this affair, the same was unfounded love, and that nothing was seriously intended by them on the subject of marriage. Resolved then after waiting a week at Worcester, without hearing any thing from her, not to let an object so pleasing and with such a fortune escape him, he set out for Ludlow, a town, not many miles from where she lived, and at the Rose there made every enquiry he could about her. He invited Jones the landlord to drink a glass of wine with him, the better to collect from him all he knew of her.

"Pray, says Florimond to him, do you know such a name as Grace any where in this part of the country?

"Grace, Grace, answered Jones, yes, sir, there is such a person about twelve miles from here, and a very worthy man he is.

"What is he, asked Florimond, is he a man of any property?

"O, said Jones, he is a *very toppping man*.

"What family has he?

"A son, sir, and several daughters.

"Have they any fortunes?

"Yes, sir, handsome ones, I believe.

"Do you know the youngest?

"Very well, sir, she was educated here, and I have had many a laugh with her when a girl.

"Where is she now?

"She is lately returned home, sir, from Bath, where she has been for

her health, which has been very bad lately. She stopped at my house as she went there, in company of a good looking elderly man, between fifty and sixty, and set off from here on their journey.

This information that her parents were *topping people*, added to Mrs. Douglas' that she was *a warm one*, doubly animated Florimond, who hired a hack, and having learned from Jones the situation of her father's house, rode over to it, first putting a letter to her in his pocket, informing her of his being near her, before he ventured into it by surprise. When he came within a mile or two of it he overtook two laboring men on horseback, who knew the house and all that were in it well. They said the family were

topping people, and that they had a very pretty daughter unmarried, who would have a rare fortune, as such he entrusted one of them with the letter to her, desiring him to bring an answer to a neighbouring village where he would stop while the other put him in a blind way to see the house, without passing it; but mistaking the track over a Common he rode right upon it. It was a handsome brick one, near the road, with modern sash windows, a court yard and garden before it, and satisfied him together with the fine fields around it, well stocked with cattle, that it was the habitation of some wealthy farmer and grazier. He sighed with a trembling joy at the thought, and passed it exclaiming as he rode on' "Well, I shall now be happily settled with a woman I like,

and enjoy the remainder of my life with pleasure and content." As he rode by, he observed a lady in the parlour who turned her head towards him. She had just then read his letter, and was about giving the man an answer, but on his returning the same way to meet him with it, she recognized him and sent her servant out to desire in her name he would walk in. Whether planet struck or palsied he could not tell, on hearing the servant's request, but so shocked and confounded did he feel himself, that he trembled, blushed, and unlike an Irish fortune-hunter, even stammered—

"Does Miss Grace live here then, said he?

"Yes, sir, said the girl.

"How does she do?

A good deal better, sir.

"I am sorry—I am glad of it, replied Florimond." Then turning his horse into the yard adjoining, which was taken from him by another servant, he was conducted through the hall to the parlour, where on a sopha sat the lovely though astonished Miss Grace alone.

"Dear me, Florimond, said she, what brought you here?

"My dear Charlotte, why did you not write to me?

"I thought you would have gone home to the Wells, answered she.

"How could I possibly do that, continued Florimond, till I had heard from you. You promised me you would consult your father, and let me know the consequence at Worcester, where I have been miserable

ever since you left me. I have striven to amuse myself with some acquaintances in the dragoons whom I found quartered there; but all was in vain. What does your father say; have you talked with him or not?"

She answered, "I have. He is now gone to Aberistwith to bathe, but he would not hear a word from me on the subject. He insists upon my marrying according to the engagement I mentioned to you; if not, I must quit his house. He is positive and determined. I cannot help it.

"Distressing to the last degree, said Florimond, what shall I do? My heart severely aches. I have lost much time, have expended some money, am far from home, in a strange country, with little or no cash to carry me to the Wells. London is painful for me to think of,

because my affairs there are out of order. I shall return to Mrs. Douglas' with pain, because I shall be laughed at on your account: what can be your father's objections?"

She replied, "I am sorry to say it, but rather than deceive you I must assure you that since I came home, I find *my godfather has made away with himself, and that my father is involved in distressful circumstances.* Therefore as he cannot give me any thing, he is the more desirous of my marrying him, who will not expect a fortune with me. I feel very sensibly for you, and should accident ever throw us in the way of each other again, I will show you every friendship in my power.

In this instant a very venerable old lady, her mother, entered the

parlour and put an end to their coloquy which affected Florimond so much that he could hardly speak; and having refreshed himself, he, at the desire of Miss Grace, who said she would again talk with her father on his return, took his leave of her and returned with surprise and disappointment to Ludlow.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Comparison of Notes.

All his hopes and wishes crossed, Florimond very naturally compared his own confidence and sincerity of intention, to the delusion and misrepresentation of Miss Grace—his own honor and freedom of sentiment to her pretensions and false assurances; and he blamed himself as much for his credulity as he did for her deceptions.

"To what end," said he, "am I thus imposed upon? She treated me with apparent generosity. She was flush and free of her money. She distributed her donations as amply

at the Wells as any person in Mrs. Douglas' house. I told her I had no fortune, and could not afford to marry without one. She heard me with pleasure, showed me every predilection, and all for what? Not surely to pass herself in my mind for what she was not, thinking she might never see me more. What then could it be for? Does she wish me to gallant with her when married to another?—O no!—and yet she must—Distraction! I will write to her, and reason with her. He did so, as follows:

"Miss Grace,

"I arrived here last night extremely unwell indeed; I know not whether my mortification arise from the accident of seeing you at your father's, or from the intelligence you

thought proper to communicate to me yesterday morning, when I had had reason to expect that our meeting would have been much more propitious than it proved. But at all events, I must say, that never in my life did I meet with such behaviour from woman before. To take a retrospect of it from the beginning of our acquaintance, I am sure I had no more reason to look for such consequences as you manifested to me, than you had for thinking me insincere; and you well know that no man could be more attentive than I have been, from the first hour you encouraged me to speak to you, to the last. Recollect, Miss Grace, the fervency of your assurances—your promises of fidelity—in short, all that hath passed between us at the Wells, and at Worcester, where you left me

a week, anxiously waiting to hear from you; then strike your bosom and say whether I have not reason to complain in the extreme, at what appears to me to be every way contradictory and cruel. I thought you devoted to me in every thing. I deemed it impossible for you to divide yourself, or that you could bear in your mind two objects of your affections; yet you convince me that your honor is fickle, your feelings are versatile, your protestations vain, and your promises delusively indecisive. Why else after telling me you had no fortune, and unravelling all you had bewitchingly woven for me, could you so coolly smile and say you must marry him who would not want one with you. Oh, Miss Grace! consider what you do when you fly from the arms of one man to

the embraces of another. Excuse me if I call it a refinement on prostitution over which you will have time to repent, should you be capable of plunging yourself into it, and you will then think of me with a mixture of wishes and reproaches that may torment you. Take heed therefore in time, and remember

Yours,

A. F."

When he had committed this to the post, he passed a day or two at Ludlow. This town is situated on a hill, commanding a rich country about it. It is beautiful and elegant, the more so, from the neatness of the houses and streets, and goodness of the company; but above all, for the venerable remains of a castle, in which

Milton's Mask of Comus was first performed, and the pleasant wood in the neighbourhood where the lady in that piece is supposed to have been lost. But enchanting as this delightful town was, he but little relished it after the disappointment he had met with from his once dear Grace. He again called in his honest landlord, Jones, with whom he revived the subject. "You are very right Jones", says Florimond, "'tis the same family of the Graces that you know." "Yes sir" answered Jones, "Miss Charlotte was bred a Millener in this town. Her father is a capital farmer, and the house he lives in, is the Mansion-house built by the owner of the estate, on purpose for her own habitation, whenever she should retire to live in it herself."

This accounting for the *toppingness* of the father, the *warmth* of the daughter, and the *elegance* of the house, which Florimond had from appearances misconstrued, he left Jones and Ludlow the next morning, and set off for his lodgings at the Wells with inward chagrin, but outward mirth, the better to conceal it to those, who might laugh at what they would weep, if they felt as he did. He travelled pretty smoothly on till he came within about thirty miles of Bristol, when the stage stopping to water the horses, he stepped out to refresh himself with a glass of wine, and a crust of bread. While he was taking these, the stage suddenly departed and left him behind. He had only one choice, either to endeavor to overtake it, or stay where he was for a couple of days.

He preferred the former, but after hurrying near half a mile, he found his attempt fruitless, and contentedly slackened his pace into a walk, which he concluded would bring him to some tolerably good Inn where he might refresh and repose himself. But after persevering for several hours, most of which he walked in the rain—instead of a town or village he found himself on a large, dismal, black common. Night was drawing on, and from ought that then appeared to the contrary, he fully expected either to set himself under a furze bush, or some lonely tree. While he was bewailing his condition, a light appeared in a distant cottage, which he approached with all possible speed. When he reached it a great tall man all over black, spoke and said:

"Praiy, Sern, be ye loast?"

"Indeed friend I am; how far am I from any Inn?"

"Ten mials."

"The deuce I am, cannot I be refreshed any where?"

"No. There's a small village just by, but none but poor colliers live there like myself. If you'll waak in to my pleace, you'll be welcome."

"Thank you, friend. Necessity obliges me."

Florimond then walked in, all wet and tired, and sat down amidst three or four strapping wenches over a good fire; but whether they ever had their faces washed he could not tell, for they were as black as their father, who very hospitably spread his table, brought out his bread and cheese and some excellent

ale. With this homely fare Florimond, was made heartily welcome by the collier, whom he presently found to be a disciple of John Wesley's, a man, who had long laboured in the Lord's vineyard, and the propagation of the gospel among the colliers, insomuch, that he had by his industry and encouragement converted them from a state of mere barbarism, to that of civility, of which Florimond had some proof in the hospitality of his dark looking friend, with whom he smoked a pipe. In the course of his chat with him finding that a discourse on some text from the bible would be agreeable to him and his neighbors, he proposed giving them one, by way of thanks, for the civility he had received.

"Yes, we shall be main obliged

to you if you will be so good as to give us a serment, and I will call a few of our neighbourings in. Our clergyman is ill, and ha na been here this fortnight."

So saying, the Collier presently collected together ten or a dozen brother Miners, and Florimond laid down his pipe. On opening the bible, the Lord's prayer presented itself to him, and he selected from that Godlike composition, the passage "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven," as a text, from whence he inculcated in plain comprehensive language, a constant respect and remembrance of the Almighty Father of men, an obedience to his righteous laws as expressed in the scriptures, and a submission with chearful patience to his divinity, as manifested in all his works. In

short, Florimond gave his sable hearers a moral sermon, which they all liked so well, that the master of the house he was in thanked him and put him into a clean, though mean bed, and in the morning lent him the best, though a poor animal of a horse to carry him to the first inn towards Bristol, from whence, having arrived there, he proceeded in a returning chaise for that busy city, which he reached in the evening, and thence he was wheeled in another Hot Wells coach to Mrs. Douglas'.

Mrs. Franco, her two daughters, Miss Lewer, and Miss Merry were still there. They were all at supper, after which, Miss Merry went into another parlor, sent for Flori-

mond, and there archly asked him how he left Miss Grace.

"Indifferently well," said he.

She then looked him hard in the face, and replied—

"Come, come, Florimond, I could not but observe, as well as Mrs. Franco, the attention that lady paid you here, and the presents she made you, which I saw on your table. It has greatly affected me, as I know Dr. Macaloes well."

This the reader will now remember is the name of the gentleman, to whom she, Miss Grace, slightly hinted she had been engaged for six years.

Miss Merry then proceeded—

"He is, Florimond, one of the best of men. I esteem him, and should be sorry he were deceived, as he has been uncommonly kind to her, intended to marry her, and has even taken a house for her, and ordered a new coach on the occasion."

To all which thundering information, Florimond answered—

"I liked her very well. She appeared to me to be a worthy woman, and I understood from herself she had three hundred pound a year estate, beside what her father would give her. As such I would have treated with her on marriage, had every other circumstance properly concurred."

Miss Merry replied—

"Dear Sir, she was bred a Mille-

ner. Her father is a farmer, and it was never understood she had a shilling." Florimond was much agitated, and so was Miss Merry. She wished to caution her friend, but how with propriety, was the question. "If I do it openly," said she, "I may subject myself to the reproaches of my own sex; if at all, I am afraid I shall be discovered." Florimond was silent for some time, but fearing that a lady he had been happy with should suffer on his account, he considered not the defects of her imprudence, and begged Miss Merry to leave his name out of any information she might be pleased to communicate to Dr. Macaloes. She promised him she would, and they frequently met at meals for about a fortnight after in mirth and good humour, she and Mrs. Douglas often

rallying him on the subject of Miss Grace, with whom it was bruited about he ran off.

Finding the laugh thus against him, he endeavoured to repel joke by joke, unthinking that any thing he might jokingly say might ever be converted into a serious assertion of slanderous truths, as it will appear hereafter, either by the ignorance or wickedness of those he only joked with in their own way.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Irish Gontlemon.

WHEN the mind is either darkened by ignorance or stained by wickedness, it is capable of injuries through inadvertence or destruction by design. If fruitful in invention, to answer a particular purpose, it will not only pervert every thing it hears, and turn innocence into evil; but it will catch at straws and shadows to support its malignant ends while destitute of the substance. A broken reed and a rope of sand will suffice its purpose, and it puts on the semblance of

virtue, while it glories in the practice of vice.

How far this accords with the Methodistical tenets that good deeds are of no avail in the plan of salvation, is yet undetermined by any of its priests; and let them think as they please upon the question, such was the fact, that while Miss Grace was confined to her chamber at Mrs. Douglas' and Florimond was with her there, an Irish Gontlemon, who was in an ill state of health, slept in the adjoining room, the head of his bed being placed against the head of her's, with only a wainscot partition between them; and as Florimond used to chat with her late of an evening, it being summer time, the Irish Gontlemon with willing ears overheard or pretended to have

overheard Florimond's soft whispers and speeches to Miss Grace. The exact particulars Florimond never learned; yet while he was absent with Miss Grace at Worcester, the Irish Gontlemon had whispered his whispers to Mrs. Douglas with significant pleasantry, who whispered them over to Miss Merry, in the style of a welcomed gossip. "The Irish Gontlemon, said Mrs. Douglas, informed me he often heard Florimond in close conference with Miss Grace while he lay in his bed, and that he thought they were very near each other, nay that their lips were almost if not quite in contact with each other. This, with Florimond's information, who laughingly told her, Miss Grace, was his by all the laws of love, and that they had sealed their engagement by

every tye, fully confirmed Miss Merry's belief that their intercourse had been criminal; and this good lady having, soon after Florimond's return, received a letter from Miss Grace, written in all the strains of affected methodism, which she showed him, she instantly entered her name in her black book as d—d, saying; she was sure she had no regard for her friend Dr. Macaloes, to whom she was going to be married. She therefore resolved to write to a lady in London who knew him, and whom she called her soul's sister.

What she wrote is unknown, except to themselves, but the reader may suppose it was not of the most christian kind. Several letters passed privately between them, in one of which she had been informed, as she

declared, that Dr. Macaloes had been written to in London anonymously, in a woman's hand, signifying, that Miss Grace had formed an acquaintance with a gentleman and a man of honor of the name of Florimond, and that the Doctor had been sorely troubled in his mind ever since, as will more fully appear in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Alarm.

All our disappointments are proportioned to the warmth of our expectations, and when our fears and apprehensions are once alarmed, the effect is as painful to us as the passion of jealousy, when once set on float, by never so trifling a cause. This anonymous letter which Dr. Macaloes had received in a woman's hand, operated on his mind to torture and terrify it. He had not confidence enough in Miss Grace to cancel it, and think her incapable of flirtation. His love for her was of a religious nature, and he felt more

for the health of her soul, than the possession of her person. He never thought her subject to her passions, but depended on her spiritual duty to her maker, and him, who had brought her within the pale of an all-righteous tabernacle. He knew she was a mortal, a woman, and a sinner from her birth, and that she possessed, in common with others, the frailties of the flesh, and was infirm by nature. Yet he thought he had brought her to repentance, grace, and election, which made him doubt the possibility of her even looking favorable on any fellow-creature, who did not think like her and him on the subject of religion. He therefore read his anonymous letter, again and again, making no allowance for the possibility of its slander, or that it was framed on purpose to

hurry him the sooner into the matrimonial noose with her. But swallowing its poison and supposing himself duped, he put it carefully into that very pocket book which contained his diploma from Scotland; for, by the way, after employing himself some years as an apothecary, in which character he was joyous and convivial, he changed it for that of a Doctor, in which he found it convenient to be a Methodist.

With such letter in his pocket and the contents wrankling in his heart, he mooted and meditated. He fled on the wings of anxiety to Miss Tittup, the soul's sister of Miss Merry, whose letter she compared with it.

"Gracious God," said he, "what

can it mean?—Is it possible that a woman I have formed the best opinions of can forget me thus to favor another?"

"Yes, yes," said Miss Tittup, "it must be so, or I am sure Miss Merry would never write to me as she has done."

"I think myself," continued he, "acquainted with the iniquity of the human heart, yet I should never suppose that so much treachery and deceit would be concealed under so specious and fair a form as Miss Grace's. I will therefore not be precipitate, but wait with humble submission for better information, and may God of his abundant mercy to me send, that I am falsely alarmed. We shall meet at the old place, Miss Tittup, this evening, to join in

a mouthful of prayer. Perhaps you will be there.—Mr. Holyland, the master of the house, is my bosom friend and I will speak to him on this melancholy occasion."

He felt Miss Tittup's pulse, who fell sick on the information, or at least affected it, ordered her some bark, and bid her a good morning. He then paid a visit to several other pious friends, who perceiving his chagrin, pressed for the reason, promising all the consolation in their power. He produced this accursed letter, which affrighted them hideously.

"The Lord's mercy on me," says an old sinner, "how satanic!—Has Miss Grace so long labored to seek the Almighty, and been under con-

viction of his goodness, as manifested in the scriptures and the new birth, to so infamous a purpose?"

"Yes, yes, it has," answered he, "I am afraid it has, and my heart bleeds for her at every pore. But time will bring the hidden things of darkness to light, and I will submit to its discoveries."

He then left his acquaintance, whose grand-daughter, a lively, discerning little girl, said to her, as he was going out of the house, "Law, grand-mama, those who go to tabernacle are all wicked people, one is always hearing something bad of them."

"No, my dear," says the old lady, "I hope not. Wherever the lambs are, there will be wolves. Sinners we all are by nature, which we never

alter. It is therefore our business to form ourselves in the new birth and become entitled to salvation."

"What then, grand mama," asked the child, "if we be new born, and have sincere belief, we are sure of heaven, let our lives be never so wicked."

"Yes, my dear girl, if we be once in grace by acceptance, but not otherwise. Then indeed the works of this life are indifferent and of no account hereafter."

The child not comprehending this, asked no more questions of her religious grandmother.

END OF VOLUME I.

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